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T H E

H I S T O R Y

O F

P E T E R P I N D A R, &c.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

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125.

THE
HISTORY
OF
PETER PINDAR,

FROM THAT MEMORABLE ÆRA WHEN HE RECEIVED A SOUND THRASHING,
DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

AND ALSO

An ANSWER to his late PUBLICATION,
ENTITLED,

“ *An Expostulatory Epistle.*”

By TOM FACT.

*Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Attramenta, fere scriptores carmine fædo
Spendida facta linunt.*——

HOR. EPIST.

Printed for C. STALKER, Stationers-Court, Ludgate-Street.



THE
HISTORY
OF
PETER PINDAR.

ASSIST me, O ye sacred Nine!
To tell what wondrous *virtues* shine
In that great Hero, Peter Pindar,
As brilliant as a half-cool'd cinder!
A Bard whom surely Heav'n design'd
To *elevate* the human mind:

A

To

To whom it gave of inspiration

Whole *drams*, to animate the nation ;

To make their souls with ardor glow

Like the infernal Gods' below,

Each noble virtue to *exalt*,

And *reprobate* each vicious fault.

From whose *pure* pen *no scandal* flows ;

Whose breast no thought *illib'ral* knows ;

Who *ne'er* invok'd the Muse for *pelf* ;

Too gen'rous to consider *self* !

Nor, ever in malignant lays

Robb'd real merit of its praise ;

And whose great soul *disdain'd* to rise

By fabricating hellish lies.

Ye Nymphs of Helicon ! once more

Your kind assistance I implore,

The wondrous hist'ry to relate

Of one *a Prodigy* so great !

To

To tell heroic Peter's fame :

For fure his *worth* deserves a *name*.

In Cornwall, at a Market-town,
Quite undisturb'd by Fortune's frown,
In dulness Peter long had dwelt ;
Nor ever in the least had felt
The scribbling cacoethes' pow'r ;
For meaner things then fill'd each hour.

It long had been his happy lot
To live beneath the gallipot ;
Which, hoisted to external view,
Its lustre from the window threw :
And over honest Peter's door,
A pestle, and a mortar wore
A gilding quite as rich as e'er
Grac'd the state-coach of my Lord May'r !

And

And positively in that town,
 This Doctor Jalap got renown
 By bleeding, vomiting, and clysters,
 By purging, and applying blisters,
 And by his boluses and pills :
 Folks only grumbled at his *bills*.
 Carthartics, stimulants, emetics,
 Antiscorbutics, diuretics,
 Antiasthmatics, vermifuges,
 Deobstruents, and febrifuges,
 So brim full Peter's cranium fill'd,
 That ev'ry other thought they kill'd.

But this is no uncommon case ;
 They often make existence cease.
 Such pow'rful *sedatives* they are,
 They oft divest the mind of care ;
 And give a man a quiet life,
 By *silencing* a scolding wife.

So

So Peter rose, and went to bed,
 With nought but med'cine in his head;
 Nor once did his ideas soar
 Above the mortar at his door:
 No little factions broke his rest;
 No thoughts ambitious fill'd his breast;
 He dreamt not *now* of Queens, and Kings,
 And Dukes, and Lords, and such-like things;
 But as the cock which we of old,
 Are in an allegory told,
 Upon the dunghill chanc'd to find
 A sparkling stone of precious kind;
 And wisely eying it with scorn,
 Said, "I prefer a grain of corn:
 "For what to me are things like these,
 "Which can't an empty stomach please?"

B

So

So Peter thinking noble folks
 Were nothing to a "John a Nolkes,"*
 Most wisely lik'd much more a Clown,
 Than all your Dukes, and Lords in Town.
 First, as his phyficking the Peasant,
 Was by no means to him unpleasant;
 For by this trade he got the chink,
 T' enable him to eat, and drink;
 Which pleas'd his stomach better far,
 Than thoughts about a brilliant star.

For know that Peter was no fool,
 As he had *logic* learn'd at school.
 He reason'd thus—(how much he knew!
 Locke's self no better inference drew)
 "Except I eat—now do you see,
 " I absolutely dead must be;

* A Countryman.

" And

“ And if I be dead—well, what then?

“ I surely ne’er can think again.

“ Thus really I might die a Martyr

“ To *thinking* of a Star, and Garter.” !!!

Secondly, Peter lik’d much more

The Clown, than those who titles bore,

Because so pleasantly the Hind

Grinn’d at the fallies of his mind;

And often cry’d—“ O lordjus days!

“ Au ne’er did year (as naw Au fays)

“ Sach licksome jokes as yow con tell:

“ *Slife!* aumost lick Joe Millar’s fell.”

P— then op’d his maxillar hatch,*

And made with “Tum” a grinning match:

*The upper jaw.

So

So thus they sat—"he he he he!"

Ye Gods! how fine the sight must be!

But now (as if the hand of Fate

Was doom'd to spoil blifs so complete,)

A luckless accident arose;

Which gave some pain to Peter's *nose*.

This is the story that folks tell;

Which Peter knows, alas! too well.

A Magistrate of that said town

On Peter chanc'd one day to frown:

Our Hero, catching fire like tinder,

Said—"who shall frown on Peter Pindar?"

So homewards now he trudg'd, and then

Menacing vengeance, took his pen;

Invok'd th' infernal Pow'rs below,

To make his pen with *brimstone* flow.

When

When thus th' illustrious God of lies
To Peter made these sweet replies.

“ Fear not my darling Son—for know,
“ Thy breast shall from this moment glow,
“ With all those passions which inspire
“ The ardent bosom of thy Sire :
“ Yes---envy, malice, hatred dire,
“ Shall fill thee with tartarean fire;
“ To thy aspiring soul impart
“ The feelings of a Father's heart.
“ Go---and wherever thou canst find
“ A virtue in the human mind,
“ By ev'ry effort of thy soul,
“ Attempt to lessen its controul ;
“ Strive to eradicate its source,
“ And vice implant with double force.

C

“ Make

" Make it thy study to defame
 " Of virtue, honor, e'en the name.
 " Let ev'ry action tend to show
 " Thy love to us who reign below:
 " That then thou may'st with justice claim
 " Thy great reward, eternal fame;
 " And may, at my imperial throne,
 " (Whose pow'r supreme all Hell must own)
 " Be rev'renc'd as my Son, among
 " Th' immortal tribe---th' angelic throng."

Thus Satan spoke---and now dire groans,
 And hissing sounds, and piercing moans
 The ear assail'd---while blackest clouds
 Envelop'd in their fable shrouds
 Th' infernal God---and from the smoke
 The blue, sulphureous light'nings broke.

Peter,

Peter, who had thrown down his pen,
 Behold ! now snatch'd it up again ;
 And finding in his ireful breast,
 Such thoughts as *he* has best exprest,
 Inspir'd, he now began to *fight*
 The Magistrate *in black, and white* :
 And strange to tell ! he very soon
 Had written on him a lampoon.

The Magistrate with true good-sense,
 Not liking wit at his expence,
 Arm'd with a d---'d strong cane now walk'd
 (Determin'd he wou'd not be balk'd)
 To *talk* with it to Master Peter :---
 That most illustrious Son of metre !

On seeing him, his choler rose ;
 And straight he seiz'd him by the nose ;

And

And so abus'd it---shame to tell,
That at this hour, it's not quite well!

Lo! Peter, like a trembling rat,
When pris'ner to a vicious cat,
Wou'd sneakingly have run away;
Not liking half this mauling play:
But now the Magistrate him seizing,
And giving him a *gentle* squeezing,
Said---“ hold good Master W—l—ct---hold,
“ I have not half my *story* told.”
Then with his cane he did so thwack
Poor Peter Pindar's brawny back,
You wou'd have sworn that it had been,
What oft you must have heard I ween,
When Chairmen with a cudgel meet
Do stoutly dusty carpets beat.

As he had gotten by this action,
The greatly wish'd-for satisfaction,
He Peter left, and cry'd, 'tis said—
“ Now write another pasquinade.”

Our Hero now deploring fat,
And loudly blubber'd out—“ that—that—
“ His---re-pu-tation was---no---more ;”
And wish'd things as they were before.
A duel?—no, that wou'd not do ;
That game was hazardous as loo :
Besides he knew th' effects of lead
So well, that he shou'd always dread
A dose sent thro' his cerebrum, *
Tho' smaller than the smallest crum.

While in this sad, desponding state,
Straight jump'd a thought into his pate ;

* The principal part of the brain.

D

Which

Which stopp'd his sobbings, and his sighs,
 And made him dry his wat'ry eyes.
 For rubbing up his recollection,
 And taking thus a retrospection,
 He thought of Satan's kind advice;
 And found his bosom in a trice,
 With all those *noble* passions *blest*,
 Which actuate his Father's breast.

“ I know (said he) that I was born
 “ The *world of letters* to adorn;
 “ Why in this pool my genius drown?
 “ I'll go directly up to Town;
 “ And shew the witty London-Beaux,
 “ How nicely I can say *bons mots*;
 “ And spoil a good man's reputation,
 “ To please the Envious of the nation.”
 So Peter, eager of a name,
 To London in a hurry came.

'Twas

'Twas now a question on which Men
Our Hero shou'd employ his pen :
When thus the dictates of his mind---
“ Write 'gainst the Great amongst Mankind.
“ As Government, and th' Opposition,
“ Stand constantly in competition,
“ If of the former you will chatter---
“ No *scandal* tho'---you'll please the latter ;
“ The Opposition *never liking*
“ T' encourage *slander, or backbiting !*”

'Twas thus that this celebrated Wight
Of noble folks began to write ;
And keeping in his duteous mind,
His Father's admonition kind,
'Gainst virtue has so much exclaim'd,
And all that's good so much defam'd,
That Satan well may give applause,
And cry---“ my Son, in our great cause

“ So

" So nobly thou hast work'd on earth,
" That thou proclaim'st thy real birth,
Indeed, to " give the Dev'l his due,"
I own, that I must think so too;
And Reader, if thou'lt honest be,
I'm sure that thou'lt agree with me.

A N
A N S W E R

T O

PETER PINDAR's last PUBLICATION,

E N T I T U L E D

"An Expostulatory Epistle."

E

A. L. S. W. E. R.

TO

THE BINDER'S PUBLICATION

ENTITLED

A. L. S. W. E. R.

A N
A N S W E R
T O
PETER PINDAR'S, "*Expostulatory Epistle.*"

PETER, thou'rt an aspiring Wight
Of such great characters to write!
'Gad! what a change! one day a Clown,
And t'other talking of a crown!!!

How oft must thou have rack'd thy head,
For all the witty things thou'ft said;

For

For all the similes so fine!

Lord! how in ev'ry page they shine!

And 'on my conscience, thou dost tell

A thumping lie so dev'lish well,

That even all the hellish pack

May grudge thy pen so nice a knack.

But Peter, would'st thou more have shone

Than tinsel, or a Bristol-stone,

Thou shou'dst have chosen other themes

Than him, from whom bright virtue beams:

Virtue, which ev'ry Briton knows

Within the royal bosom glows:

Virtue, which ever must inspire

Each noble soul with zealous fire.

Thou shoud'st have chosen one whose breast

Had not a virtuous thought posselt:

Or, wou'd not that have suited well

Thy spiteful mind, thy malice fell,

Thou

Thou might'st have taken those whose name,
In public, had no virtuous fame ;
 Whose worth had nearly dormant been,
 And had but by *a few* been seen.
 Such characters thou might'st have shown
 In colors wholly of thy own ;
 And in the mirror of thy brain,
 Expos'd them with a horrid train
 Of all that Slander cou'd devise ;
 That Parent of infernal lies.
 For then most probably Mankind
 (To calumny too much inclin'd)
 Might have imagin'd that thy verse,
 Their just demerits did rehearse.

What then has tempted thee to chuse
 Such unfit subjects for thy Muse ?
 To strike at virtues all confess,
 Was really a shortightedness !

F

What

What a poor Simpleton!—egad!
 The fellow surely thinks we're mad;
 Or else 'gainst reason, and good-sense,
 He'd ne'er oppose his impotence:
 And try to make us think—good lack!
 That white is absolutely black!!!

And shall the royal proclamation
 T'enforce good precepts thro' the nation,
 Be basely ridicul'd by thee?
 How *great* thy share of *sense* must be!
 For had Reflection ever shed
 Her influence on thy thoughtless head,
 Thou certainly wou'dst then have known,
 The mere effect of laws alone,
 Was never able to restrain
 The wicked, and licentious train;
 That there must be Religion's law
 To keep Mankind in proper awe;

And

And that th' example of the Great
 Has pow'rful weight in ev'ry state.
 This, sure each hist'ry extant shows;
 Which doubtless ev'ry Reader knows.

How many do we see among
 That num'rous tribe, the vulgar throng,
 Who, had religious passions blest
 With sacred fire their youthful breast,
 Had never yet resign'd their breath,
 And prematurely suffer'd death;
 But now had blest'd a Mother's heart,
 With all maternal joys impart!

And shalt thou then in impious lays
 Strive ev'ry virtue to erase;
 Of blest Religion, sacred Guest!
 Make, with impunity, a jest?

And

And in thy prostituted lays,
 Diveſt all merit of its praiſe ;
 Commit a vile aſſaffination
 On ev'ry good Man's reputation ?

And in baſe, ſycophantic ſtrain
 Doſt think the gen'rous Prince to gain ;
 That then in future, thou may'ſt hope
 Thy ſordid views will have their ſcope ?
 No—Heav'n forbid—his ſoul diſdains
 The tribute of unworthy ſtrains :
 With too much honor is endow'd,
 To like the man who e'er avow'd
 Such malice for our noble Sire ;
 From whom his breaſt caught virtue's fire ;
 Imbib'd that noble, gen'rous flame,
 Which muſt ſecure him endleſs fame.

By

By such collat'ral, artful ways,
 Think not that thou thyself shalt raise
 To ought—except it be the meed
 Of sovereign contempt indeed.

And so forsooth, because thy soul
 Disclaims sweet Harmony's controul;
 Because great Handel's martial strains
 Gain no access where Discord reigns,
 Thou floggest thy poetic Jade;
 And forcest from that hapless Maid,
 Those most *delightful jeux d'esprit*,
 Which call sweet sounds stupidity!

And thus it is with famous West,
 Who has so charmingly exprest
 Th' events of the historic page,
 Which most attention shou'd engage:

G

Whose

Whose pencil has so well portray'd
 The passions which the soul pervade.
 —O West! how oft I've fondly gaz'd,
 While my rapt Fancy stood amaz'd;
 Gaz'd on each dear, fictitious part,
 Depicted with such curious art,
 She almost doubted that the scene
 Had mere effect of col'ring been!

Thus Peter, when thou cou'dst not soar
 To see the lustre genius wore,
 Thou curstest with thy *lyric fire*
 Whate'er thou hadst not taste t' admire;
 Like many *Wiseheads* one might mention
 "Damn'dst all above thy comprehension."

From the same motive, or from spite,
 (Of which last, if I judge aright,

There

'There never was a human breast
 Of such prodigious heaps possess'd)
 Peter, thou think'st, because thy mind
 Is not by noble thoughts refin'd ;
 Nor can those rural pleasures know
 From which such joys ecstatic flow—
 Thou think'st to ridicule all taste
 For bliss so true, for bliss so chaste !

Read how Rome's Sons, with glory fir'd,
 Who, to such noble deeds aspir'd,
 In agriculture spent their hours,
 When unassail'd by hostile Pow'rs.
 How Regulus in peace employ'd,
 Which no corroding cares annoy'd,
 Each moment at his little farm,
 When Rome was free from rude alarm.

Or,

Or, if the modern times we view,
 Of shining characters how few
 There are, whose souls are not refin'd
 To relish pleasures of this kind!
 See noble Thurlow with a mind
 No bounds of genius e'er confin'd,
 With pleasure leaves his public toil,
 His moments sweetly to beguile
 With those blest charms of Nature's field,
 To which all other beauties yield.

And shall not George, our noble Sire,
 These heav'nly scenes in peace admire;
 Contemplate Nature's works so great!
 In rural bliss at his retreat,
 Without the scandal of thy pen,
 Thou most illiberal of men,

What,

What, wilt thou follow thus *the man*,
 And ev'ry *private* action scan;
 E'en * natural defects pursue,
 And *fabled* foibles hold to view?

Had heav'nly virtue fill'd thy breast;
 Hadst thou one spark of zeal possess'd,
 One spark of that celestial fire
 Which patriotic souls inspire,
 Then had thy Muse disdain'd to sing
 The *private* actions of a King;
 Merely his *public* ones had shown;
 And freely censur'd them alone.

Why talk of virtue?—sure I dream!
 To one who scarcely knows the name.

* Alluding to Peter Pindar's imitation of the quick manner in which the King speaks.

'Tis talking to a Dunce, who ne'er
 Improv'd one jot by *gentle* care;
 Who must be horse-whipp'd well at school,
 Before he knows one single rule;
 And, after all, perhaps will be
 A Blockhead to eternity.

Peter, 'tis plain that thy intention
 Has been to get a *pretty pension*.
 Thou thought'st his Majesty wou'd say
 " Go, stop that fellow's prating lay:
 " Give him a *sop* to keep him quiet,
 " And end at once his shameful riot."

But know, our Sov'reign George can smile
 At thy poor, despicable wile;
 And with a noble soul despise
 Thy base, insinuating lies.

Peter,

Peter, before I say farewell!
 I fain another thing wou'd tell—
 I mean, t'advise thee, as a friend,
 Thy scand'lous manners to amend;
 And, as thou hast "some money made,"
 To quit for good thy dang'rous trade;
 Left thou (my kind advice disdaining)
 Shou'dst get perchance another *caning*.

THE END.



